

# Honolulu Star-Bulletin

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EDITOR

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"God bless us every one."—Tiny Tim in Dickens' "A Christmas Carol."

## GOD BLESS US EVERY ONE

The gentlest, the sweetest season of all the year has come again to the land of palm and summer seas. The year is on the wane, a year in which Hawaii has carried forward in many lines the spirit of Christmas, the true spirit of goodwill, kindness, peace, the spirit of fellowship among the many races working side by side for the progress of all Hawaii.

Hawaii's strides forward along lines of social betterment and industrial benefits widely distributed have been so remarkable in the year just closing, so full of the noblest spirit of the Christmas, that they are well worth noting. There has been a notable awakening of the citizens of this territory to a feeling of their responsibility for the social state of the community. For instance, a definite movement was that of the Kalahele Home Trustees in employing a social investigator, whose report goes deeply into the needs of the people who are dependent upon daily labor for their daily bread. The response to the call for a thirty-thousand-dollar home for working girls, the raising of nearly forty thousand dollars for the King's Daughters' Home for the aged, the increased attention given to children to improve their environment, stimulate them mentally, morally and physically, the expansion of many lines of church, charitable and benevolent work, the establishment of the Church Federation—these are concrete instances of what has gone forward with steady gait. It was during this year, too, that the sugar plantations voluntarily inaugurated the profit-sharing system among their employees, and many firms during the twelve months now ending have begun to share their profits with those who work in subordinate positions. Industrial Christianity is keeping pace with social Christianity, and the spirit of mutual helpfulness that began with the first Christmas is sweet in the balmy winds that sweep this island territory.

Yes, the spirit of Christmas comes to the land of palm as to the land of pine. Hawaii, one among the surplused choir of nations, lifts a glad voice, "Gloria in Excelsis Deo." In other lands the hurrying squadrons of snow-clouds, the sharp chill of winter, the gleaming frosty skies, the rich green of pine and fir against the drifted banks of white, accentuate the season; in Hawaii the sun shines brightly, warmly on, there is no sting in the friendly air. But the spirit of Christmas is the same.

It knows no boundary of sea or shore or mountain range or any boundary of man's handiwork, that spirit. It is wider than creed; it is deeper than color. It has dominion over untold millions of people, it holds a kinder empire over them than that of any temporal king or earthly potentate. It rules by love, it sways by faith; generosity and high unselfishness and all the host of nobler qualities attend upon its court. For one day the gentle spirit is supreme. Commerce bows and makes way before its coming; there is truce in the unending strife of trade. In the great war between North and South, there were times when worn-out regiments, panting at each other's throats, put aside for awhile the gun and the bayonet and shared brooks of sweet waters, or fell to the earth and snatched a brief sleep knowing somehow that there was no need of sentinel or outpost. So at Christmas the long struggle comes to a momentary lull; distrust and suspicion, the gun and bayonet of the soul, are put aside; and there is peace throughout the earth.

Through nineteen hundred years this spirit has endured, through centuries of superstition, doubt, fear, cruelty and ignorance. It has endured while cities have fallen and empires perished from the earth, through wars, crusades, invasions, devastation. It has endured, it has strengthened, it has spread to every land. There the Yule log burns bright in the great fireplace and the green and red of holly deck mantel and chandelier; and men of white skin join in the Christmas carol. There a lone candle flickers before a wayside shrine, set below a rude cross of fashioned spruce, high up a rough mountain trail, and dark-faced pilgrims bow in reverence before an universal symbol. And there in a great arched hall domed like the dome of heaven the blessed sunlight falls softly through the rich-stained glass, the murmurous notes of mighty reeds swell in stirring diapason, human voices are raised in reverent anthem. And elsewhere

over the face of the earth the sound of chimes floats over grey cities full of years, or guns are fired at midnight and watch-fires blaze on the hills while shaggy peasantry kneel with their eyes upon the star that shone on Bethlehem.

In one land there is feasting and merriment; the wassail bowl passes amid gusty laughter, the great boar's head is borne to the banquet-table; in another land there is fasting and prayer, lips moving silently in aves and pateres.

And in another land the whirl of the fiesta, or the long ghostly line of huge white lanterns borne at dusk under nipa palms. And even as the Spanish padres lead the weird procession, many thousands of miles away devout Manxmen await the opening of the myrrh-blossom, and elsewhere the Druids' mistletoe, its first employment long forgotten, is hung above the lintel. Trees ablaze with waxen tapers, bending under their grateful burdens of gifts, innocent merriment and saintly devotion, the joyous gaiety of home and family, the serene sanctuary—they are all symbols of the spirit of Christmas.

It falls with blessed benevolence upon smoking cities and quiet countrysides; it goes with the ships down to the sea and rides with them upon the waves; it finds for each man and place the savor of all-embracing love. For it there is no distance too great, no barrier too high, no person too humble. The miner on the cold gray tundra of the north feels the spirit of the day; the herder on the brown veldt of South Africa is touched by it. It follows the trapper pushing sturdily forward into the wilderness. It penetrates jungle and crosses rivers unforded.

This spirit rests alike upon the man of riches and the man of need; upon the woman proud of lineage and wealth and social position and upon the woman fighting want and dread. The silks and furs bought by gold and the trinkets bought by silver, the lavishness of great fortune, the scrupulous economy of modest care, are on a par. Christmas is the mighty leveler of mankind, for in this holiday season he is truly rich whose mind and heart are clean and whose hands have wrought with purpose for the year that is past, and whether that year has brought wealth or no is small concern indeed.

The spirit of peace is not, however, the spirit of passive endurance of wrong. In this fading year of 1912 the sword of a militant Christianity is driving a righteous lesson home to a nation that has long set its uncleanness and cruelty against the purity and love of the Nazarene at Gethsemane. Perhaps the Christmas dawn will light the grim camps of armies at the leash and the Christmas sunset glow red over redder battle-field. But the army of the right will triumph in the end, for truly "God Is Marching On!"

## GOOD NEWS ON THE TARIFF

The Star-Bulletin's Washington correspondent sums up the sugar-tariff situation in a letter published today that should come as a welcome Christmas gift to Hawaii. The Louisiana delegation, it is shown, holds the balance of power at present and will certainly not agree to any sacrifice of the cane-sugar industry, the Colorado delegation may be relied upon to protest against heavy tariff-cutting, and the result will be that no bill involving a disastrous slash in the present duties can pass Congress. Such, at least, are the views of the Louisiana senators, and they are not likely to be over-optimistic.

Cheer up, pessimists! The more we hear from Washington, the further the present Congress progresses, the more the tariff scare is disappearing.

Probably some of the Democrats thought of sending Bryan out to the Philippines after they heard of the recent typhoons.

Talk about the European situation interfering with beet sugar—what about the Turkish rug industry?

After his trip to Laysan and Midway, Gov. Frear will be in fine training for a blue-blooded snail-hunt.

Between charter revision and tariff revision, Honolulu will have a pretty busy time of it this spring.

That row in the British admiralty threatens to distract attention from the suffragettes.

The Triple Alliance seems to have a double meaning.

Greece wins Aegean!

## Christmas Eve

It was the eve of Yuletide,  
The moon shed silvery light;  
And by my open casement  
I gave my thoughts to the night.  
I heard the splash of water,  
I saw the lights of the town;  
And as I sat there dreaming  
Came gently my eyelids down.  
Back I flew to my childhood,  
To days when Santa was real;  
When this night, many years back,  
Filled me with a joyous thrill.  
And as I dreamed those by-gones,  
Of prayer by the little bed,  
A wondrous light lit the sky  
Direct over Diamond Head.  
Soon rose a radiant star,  
With light that filled all the earth:  
The light that led the shepherds  
At that illustrious birth.  
It seemed to beckon to me,  
To follow its gleaming light;  
With ne'er a thought to resist,  
I went out into the night.  
What transformations I saw,  
As its rays touched city and town!  
There seemed sanctification  
From highest to trodden down.  
The flinty-hearted grew soft;  
The poor, their poverty gone,  
No longer did hunger gnaw;  
The wretched came forth with song.  
Even the little children  
That blessed Presence felt,  
And honor that manger scene,  
At midnight all cattle knelt.  
I followed throughout the night,  
Direct where the bright rays shone,  
And this Star of Bethlehem  
Led me before a throne.

—C. F. M.

## LITTLE INTERVIEWS

ALEX. LINDSAY (By Z-Ray from Thetis to Star-Bulletin)—I have discovered a new dance which I intend introducing to Honolulu society on my return next month. It will be known as the Goony Glide.

W. W. THAYER—I've been letting my relatives and friends buy their own Christmas presents this year. I haven't the time—too busy getting my business in shape to take up the duties of attorney general one week from tomorrow.

R. W. BRECKON—In spite of Governor Frear's antipathy to the "Wyoming gang," it cannot be truthfully charged that we are taking any part in the activity in the U. S. senate which is threatening to withhold Frear's reappointment.

HARRY T. MILLS—Ten or fifteen years ago a great many of the canneries in California were about on their last legs. It was Isidor Jacobs, now visiting Honolulu, who took hold of them and established the canning business on a solid footing.

JOSHUA TUCKER—There are a few lots in the Punchbowl tract not yet taken, and these will be sold at auction on Tuesday, Dec. 31. They are about a dozen in number, a few fairly good in location and size. After that sale is completed I hope I may never hear the word "Punchbowl" again.

PROMOTION WOOD—The Hawaiian play, "The Bird of Paradise," is still drawing large crowds in the Eastern cities, and is doing much good advertising for Hawaii. This week and next week it will be played at Washington, D. C., and will close the season at Boston, where it will run from the middle of April until the middle of May.

ANTHONY LOFTUS—There's not a place in the world with greater prospects than this one. I have made a special study of the subject. Commerce moved from the Black Sea to the Mediterranean and from the Mediterranean to the Atlantic. The Pacific is the center of the world's future commerce, with these new countries coming into it. Before ten years every valley here will have a tunnel through it and the city of Honolulu be extended to the other side of the island. Anybody owning land on this island who holds on to it will enrich his family. I can see no reason for the growth of London except the vast commerce of its people.

## PERSONALITIES

MISS EDYTHE WOLLMER expects to leave for Honolulu very shortly to visit with Mr. and Mrs. Henry Glenwald.—San Francisco Bulletin.

MERVIN FARMER arrived from Honolulu on the steamer Sonoma last night. He will sail on the Sonoma next week for Tahiti.—Vallejo Chronicle, Dec. 7.

MR. AND MRS. H. K. BLANEY, who have been some little time in Hawaii, left on the Sonoma for the Colonies. They are on a pleasure trip about the world.

C. R. SNEAD and wife of Los Angeles arrived on the Lurline. They brought two motor cars with them and intend to remain during the winter. Mr. Snead has a drug business in the Southern California city.

E. P. CRAFT, a banker of Red Bluff, has arrived in San Francisco accompanied by Mrs. Craft and Miss M. M. Hupp. He has just returned from a business trip to the Hawaiian Islands, where he is interested in the Hilo Railroad.—Sacramento Bee.

MR. RICHARD IVERS arrived last week from Honolulu and is visiting his mother, at the Hotel Bellevue, where Mrs. Ivers has been staying during the brief visit in New York of Mr. and Mrs. William G. Irwin. Mr. and Mrs. Irwin are now en route home.—Argonaut.

UPTON TYLER was taken very much by surprise Thursday evening by an unexpected visit from his brother, N. G. Tyler and wife of Honolulu. They will spend about a month visiting with relatives and friends before returning to Honolulu.—Vallejo Chronicle, Dec. 7.

A. W. KUCH, who has been in the islands for the last quarter of a century in the capacity of mill engineer, will leave on Friday for his ranch at Hilton, Sonoma County, California when he expects to settle down for the rest of his days. He says that he wants Hawaiian friends to look him up when on the coast.

CAPTAIN AND MRS. EDWARD STURGIS arrived yesterday from Honolulu on the transport Logan. Mrs. Sturgis will pass the holidays with her mother, Mrs. A. Montgomery, and Captain Sturgis will go to Seattle, where he will be the guest of his mother over Christmas. Mrs. Sturgis was formerly Miss Edna Montgomery.—San Francisco Post.

MR. AND MRS. R. A. COOKE, Mrs. C. M. Cooke and Miss Alice Cooke,

## For Sale

COLLEGE HILLS—2 choice residence lots 12,500 sq. ft. each ..... \$1250  
OCEAN VIEW—Modern home with all conveniences ..... \$8500  
New Bungalow, excellent view ..... \$7000  
WILHELMINA RISE—5-room Bungalow ..... \$3000  
KAIMUKI—Modern 4-room house, large grounds ..... \$4500  
WAIKIKI—Choice building lot, 7200 sq. ft. ..... \$1750  
PAWAA—Modern 1½ story house ..... \$4000  
Fine building lot 12,581 sq. ft. ..... \$2000  
PUNAHOU—6-room house and cottage ..... \$6000  
1½ story modern cottage ..... \$4500  
Modern 5-room bungalow ..... \$4850  
PALAMA—3-bedroom house and lot ..... \$1750  
PACIFIC HEIGHTS—Choice home ..... \$3000  
WAIALAE TRACT—Several choice lots and acreage.

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STORE OPEN EVENINGS



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well-known residents of Honolulu, on what methods the sharps resort to in route home from an eastern visit, are pictures that have a very strong same hotel, awaiting the sailing of the steamer to it. Two other first run pictures will be and Mrs. W. D. Baldwin, who also exhibited tomorrow night. Tonight's have been spending several months in bill consists of five interesting pictures.

## FEATURE FILM AT HAWAII

As a Christmas night special, the Hawaii theater will feature a two reel melodramatic picture entitled "Gambler's Luck." In this picture an insight will be given into the way the big games are conducted in the East and

Mayor Fern has issued a beautiful Christmas card with the Hawaiian coat-of-arms in natural colors on the outside of the fold with his autograph written in the message. It reads: "With Christmas greetings and best wishes for the New Year from Joseph J. Fern, mayor of Honolulu, 1912-1913, Hawaiian Islands."

## HOUSES FOR RENT

### Furnished:

Tantalus ..... \$40.00  
Kaimuki ..... \$45.00  
Kahala Beach ..... \$50.00  
Nuuanu Ave. .... \$30.00  
Pacific Heights ..... \$100.00  
Wahala ..... \$30.00  
Miki Lane ..... \$27.00

### Unfurnished:

Walpo ..... \$12.00  
Wilhel Ave. .... \$35.00  
Kaimuki ..... \$35.00  
Ala Moana and Ewa Road ..... \$50.00  
College Hills ..... \$25.00  
Kalihi ..... \$6.00  
Pawaa Lane ..... \$18.00  
Punul Ave. .... \$20.00  
Beretania St. .... \$18.00  
Magazine St. .... \$20.00

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## Eggs Cost You 75c A Dozen

UNLESS YOU RAISE YOUR OWN CHICKENS.

You old kamaainas, who have lived in Honolulu for years, will remember the box of fresh eggs at Nolte's. This box of fresh eggs is from the Bellina ranch. Thirty minutes from the center of the city, we have a few acres left adjoining the Bellina ranch, suitable in every way for raising chickens. Surplus eggs are just like money in the bank. A very small cash payment will pay for one of these acres. If you are in doubt or if you are skeptical in regard to the chicken-raising business in this locality, interview Mr. Williamson of 6th Avenue. In addition to this acre property, we have the following residence property:

We have property for sale in this district as follows:  
House and two lots, Palolo Hill ..... \$3500.00  
House and two lots, Wilhelmina Rise ..... \$2500.00  
House and lot, Park Ave., Kaimuki ..... \$2800.00  
House and lot, Sixth Ave., Kaimuki ..... \$2700.00  
3 lots, cor. Kaimuki and Eighteenth Ave. .... \$1450.00  
Claudine Ave. lots ..... \$400.00  
Lot on Palolo Hillside ..... \$550.00  
1450 Kewalo St. .... \$6000.00

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